## THE NEW GALLERY.

WITH NOTES ON MR. BURNE-JONES, MR. WATTS, MR. ALMA-TADEMA, AND MR.

(FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIRUNE.) London, May 12.

The Grosvenor Gallery quarrel, which we all regretted, has borne such fruit that it can be regretted no longer except on personal grounds. essrs. Halle and Comyns Carr, who quitted Sir Coutts Lindsay, have justified their departure by their new enterprise. They have given London what it most craves, a novelty, or a novel sensaqueried the art public; if there be an art public. Whistler says there is not, and never was. There is, at any rate, a public which goes to see ictures, and to this public Messrs Halle and Carr have presented, not a, but The, New Gallery. The nilding of it, I am told, comes little short of a No similar work was ever done in so short a time. But that is nothing; it is only one more of those mechanical triumphs which we are accustomed in these days to expect. The real He is English by birth only; his art has nothing triumph and the real surprise is the intelligent sudacity of these two founders of the New Gallery. Where they got the money I know not. Rumor mentions names, but rumor must be left to mention them to herself. It does not matter, except that Capital is entitled to some share of the credit. The capitalist, too, has sometimes intelligent courage. Mr. Robson, the architect, and Messrs Peto, the builders, and the workmen who wrought by day and by night for the completion of the Gal--they all have a share in the celebrity. I heard a characteristic story of Mr. Carr. A friend asked him some weeks ago whether the place would really be finished by the day apinted. "Yes," answered he. "I have calculated it all carefully, and the last workman will be out ten minutes before the doors open." And he was; I saw the pictures on the Press Day amid clouds of dust and throngs of the British Artisan, and the noise of many hammers. But on the following morning when the Private View

was held the British Artisan had departed taking

his dust and hammers with him and leaving no

other trace of his presence than the graceful

perfection of his completed work. I will not de-

scribe it for I want to say something of the

pictures which are encased in this frame of marble

and fine gold and rich stuffs. London announced

its verdict at once, and society owned that it had

discovered a new and agreable lounge. This

view is not a high view, and perhaps it justifies

Mr. Whistler in promulgating his cynical apoph-

thegm, but it assures to the directors the success

they have so entirely deserved.

It is here in this New Gallery that, this year at all events, must be sought evidence of what is most significant in the newer school of English art, here and not, as once, in the Royal Academy, and more recently in the Grosvenor. The glory of the Grosvenor has not, I hope, departed, but it is dim for the moment. The Academy has more good pictures than usual, but most of the best are portraits, and the best portraits are by foreigners, and the vast acreage of British lions but poorly expresses the high aim of the better Briton. Here in Regent Street there are at least four methwhose work would give distinction to any exhibition whatever. The four are Mr. Burne Jones, Mr. Watts, Mr. Alma-Tadema and Mr. Shannon. Others there are who command respect, whose work may be admired, who are, perhaps, more popular than one or two of these four, but it is by some one of these four and by no one else that the note of the year is struck. Sir John Millais, who has two pictures, is very far indeed from being at his best; he is carcless in both; in one, almost slovenly. Mr. Herkomer is better here than at the Academy, but signs of the dispersion of talent that needs concentration are visible here too. Perhaps his portrait of Mr. Macmillan, the publisher, is his strongest work. There is plenty of character in it; the Scotch granite of his native hills does not look harder than the close-set lips of this determined face. Mr. Richmond's most amplitious efforts are his least successful. Sir Edwird and Lady Ermyntrude Malet are but lay figures made to support masses of dry-goods staff; the talior and milliner and jeweller have been Mr. Richmond's inspiration. This is not the Sir Edward Malet who holds his own at Berlin against the Iron Chancellor; he might manage it well enough, however, against the Bismarck of unbaked clay whom Mr. Richmond has invented for the Academy. How could the same artist have painted Mrs. Andrew Lang, the clever wife of a clever are portraits, and the best portraits are by foreign-Academy. How could the same artist have painted Mrs. Andrew Lang, the clever wife of a clever husband? But he has, and there is in her portrait the vitality and the quality wanting in those Mr. Halle renders the story of Paola and Frances-

ca in his well-known manner, with warmth of color and a sense of what is dramatic and, in a way, pathetic. Mr. F. D. Millet both here and at Burlington House is in such force as I do not remember to have seen him attain to before. He is really brilliant, and his two interiors, both a little wanting in careful study, are both delightful. There is a portrait by Mr. Holman Hunt which, were this powerful and eccentric painter younger and less stubborn in his perversities, might give promise of that sober strength he was capable had he but chosen more wisely. Mr. Edwin Ward is, I take it, young and the promise in his case is one he ought to keep. Besides the remarkable portrait of Mr. John Morley, which I mentioned the other day, he has two others, Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Burnand; less remarkable yet successful in their protest against the conventional. I do not pretend to exhaust the list, but I return to the four above named.

Mr. Burne-Jones holds what must be called the place of honor in this exhibition. His three large pictures, each with one or more full-length, life-size figures, hang together in the centre of the West Gallery and nobody can enter that gallery without feeling their power. You may like them or dislike them-that has little to do with the matter, you must deal with them seriously. They are seriously painted; the spirit of Mr. Burne-Jones may be classed as classical or media val or modern; it is at times all three, but it is always religious; the religiousness of a man to whom art is a religion. I can remember no work of his in which there is not some sadness. Not the Chant d' Amour itself. He sees the world in shadow. The studiousness evident in these canvases is almost oppressive; not a detail which has not been thought out with inflexible conscientiousness. The anatomical structure of the two Andromedas is revealed to the beholder with unflinehing fidelity, and the metallic hue of the steel in which Perseus is clad would delight the soul of an armorer; so does the intense, deep vivid blue of the irises in the foreground. Who taught him these secrets of color and structure? Who is there who tells them with quite the same subtlety? Nothing is older than the legend of Perseus and Andromeda; nothing more remote from the life of to-day; nothing which fascinates the spectator of to-day quite so much as this same legend retold in all the splender of pictorial and dramatic effect. picture which divides them, the Tower of Brass, where Danæ looks on while her prison is being built and veneered in metal, completes a scheme of color so remarkable that the three pictures seem to have been meant for decorative effect. This remark would not be tolerated by the devout worshipper at this shrine, but the impression cannot be escaped.

The one picture of Mr. Watts is a sombre one, The Angel of Death, steeped in sentiment; instinet with that poetry which is of another world. If it be the business of art to elevate the beholder into regions far above the common plane of life, this is art which has accomplished its mission. A change seems to fall upon Mr. Watts in these later years; he uses color in a way he once did not, and his touch has become less-what shall I say? less harmonious, if that be a permissible word. mere external beauty and finish of his work are less seductive, but not the imaginative energy of it. He has done his work and left his mark on English art; few are more decisive.

Of the six pictures by Mr. Alma-Tadema, two are among the most admirable he has painted; one other is curious and interesting because it is s small sketch of the very large and important Roses of Hellogaoalus in the Royal Academy. It is entirely unlike the finished picture in compo-

sition, and there can be no quest'on that the artist's first idea was the right one. Here is that balance and harmony which are not consplcuous in the completed work. But Mr. Tadema is seldom satisfied with his first essay. Near it hangs a small canvas, perhaps 14 inches by 10, which gives you exactly the same kind of delight which a perfectly cut gem in the best period of ancient art gives. The two girls on the beach, the stuffs, the marble, the flowers, all the accessories, seem chiselled rather than painted, and the last word of one form of excessively difficult and charming art has been said in this small space. The pendant is a portrait of Lady Thompson, modelled with the same perfection; rare in both senses. Mr. tion. How can there be room for a new gallery? Tadema paints few portraits; nearly every one he has shown is a masterpiece.

And that is the word I will venture to apply to Mr. Shannon's portrait of Mrs. Williamson Mr. Shannon is of the younger generation. Five years ago he was unknown; each of the last three years has brought him nearer to the front. He is not yet popular, he has not the immense vogue of Mr. Frank Holl, but he is probably the chief of all the English portrait painters of the future. to do with the art practised by most of the Academicians, who have made fortunes by painting pleasing and vulgar portraits of the British aristocracy. He has been taught in the school of Carolus Duran, has gone to the root of things; has learned the elements of painting before trying to paint; he can draw, he can model, he can paint his picture in one key throughout; he is true in perspective: he has other elementary merits, on which, in no other country than England would it be needful to insist. And he has much more. Comparisons are of no great use, but Mr. Shannon may be said to be the Sargentsof the English school. He puts a human being on his canvas, and not a dummy. He studies not features merely, but character; you feel at once that he has sought for the note of individuality in his sitter, and has found it. Mr. Shannon is not yet, I think, so strong as Mr. Sargent; he has less simplicity, less mastery of his materials, he is less sober. He has a longing for elegance, for brilliancy. for effect, and be gratifies them, but so just is his feeling that he does not gratify them recklessly. Mrs. Williamson is a woman of brilliant attractiveness-I speak of her portrait only, of course. - and there is nothing in the way Mr. Shannon has painted her to suggest that the various elements of this attractiveness are not each one of them genuine, and the portrait an honest one throughout. There is a real feeling for color, too. Altogether, this is a finer portrait than either of the two by the same artist, which are among the chief attractions of the Grosvenor. It marks more decisively than any other work of the kind a revolt against the Academical tradition, yet the revolt is of a kind which will not snock the British Philistine, but conciliate him. It is in giving such experiments as these a fair field that the New Gallery does a real public service.

THE UNSUCCESSFUL ANGLOMANIAC.

London Letter to The San Francisco Argonaut.

as. But they must be the charm that he more arched-up Englishmen. The charm that he more rery American, to English eyes (I except, of courser) arched the course merican helresses, for we all know wherein the harm lies, not hid, but very apparent, consists harm lies, not hid, but very apparent, consists are Americanism. Livish I could make myself und men. The charm that lies hid in narm fies, not hid, but very abjacent, classes, and left Americanism. I wish I could make myself undergood, and that any anglomaniae, either inciplent or titled, premonitory or chronic, who may chance to ad these words, will at once "swear off" and become a cood, sound American ettizen, with American customs, abits, style of dress and language. His efforts to abits, style of dress and language. His efforts to the limber of the indepense on no one but miself. He thinks he is an Englishman, but is only an algomaniac—and an anglomaniac, pure and simple, he mains to the end of the chapter.

It is amusing sometimes to note the anglomaniac in ingland—I mean when he get here. I am, and have seen, thrown in contact with a few, now and then. If the procedule of the summer of the war precing the secting the second of the secon

been, thrown in contact with a few, now and have remember once—a summer or two ago it was—meeting a young lady from Chicago who was for desired to be so very English that she positively became, as is offen the case, more English than the English themselves. Not content with dahnee, and lasts, and afiter, and grahnt, she "out-Heroded Herod" by calling "and" ahnd. It is these pronunciations which knock over the anglomaniae quicker than anything. There are so many of them, little, seemingly indifferent ones, that every English gentleman and lady knows full well, and is able to detect the absence or ignorance of in others, the moment they show them. So I say again. wany of them, little, seemingly indifferent ones, that every English gentleman and lady knows fall well, and is able to detect the absence or ignorance of in others, the moment they show them. So I say again: No use going in for fox-hunting; dressing yourself like the little-chrome of a Loudon comic stag; keeping a couple of buildogs; taking a cold bath every morning in a tub (and of telling of 10; parting your hair in the middle; carrying a bunch of keys on the end of a curb chain in your trousers packet—in short, putting up your uniberlias in New-York when it rains in London; if you don't know how to talk like an Englishman, use the same expressions for the same things he does, and pronounces them. The only way yau can do this is to live in England for a period of years, seeing, associating with, and talking to, only English people. One of your own countrymen, or women, you must not come within a hundred miles of. If you even hear the voice of an American through a telephone—good bye! Begin all over again.

Now the question presents itself; Is the game worth

all over again.

Now the question presents itself: Is the game worth the candle! I leave it to people of common sense to answer. I recollect on one occasion meeting a gentisman from New-York. He was a man of apparently large means and was passing the summer in England, driving his four-in-hand coach about the country, with his wife and family, from place to place, instead of by the plebelan mode supplied by the ignominious railway. He was the fine old English gendeman, "posting." Very nice and very picturesque, until one remembered that his grandfather kept a restaurant on Broadway when Washington Square was "way up town." His cleanly shaven chin and English "side whiskers" were modelled on John Boll, and his neat suit of gray tweed would have made Foole dance a fig. We were standing in the main street of one of the country towns, at the ancient hostery of which he and his party had been spending the night, and a number of closely blanketed and hooded thoroughbreds in charge of grooms passed us.

"Helo?" said he, turning to me. "Is there a track near here?"

He had better have shut up his coach at once, after

"Hello!" said he, turning to me. "Is there a trace near here?"

He had better have shut up his coach at once, after that, and gone home. With all his "English" he did not know that a race course is never called a track in England.

But it did not stop or check his coaching career. A week or two after that a friend of mine told me he saw him drying his coach down Piecadilly, one of his daughters on the reof, performing vigorously upon the horn to the—I won't say admiration—but amusement of the people abroad in that fashionable thoroughfare. He was a great swell in New-York, I heard, and lived on Madison-ave., with plenty of money.

Two girls sat in a car a few evenings ago. "We won't have to ride in these kind of cars any more, after awhile," said one. "We're going to have electric cars here." "Is that so!" queried No. 2. "How do they go, by steam or by smoke?" "I don't knox," replied No. 1, "but I think they go by smoke."—(Buffalo Express.

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GOSSIP AT THE CAPITAL.

HOW THE GOVERNMENT PURCHASES WORKS OF ART. MNEMONICS OF CLAIMANTS-ANECDOTES ABOUT

PUBLIC MEN-THRIPTY COLORED MEN. Washington, May 26.—Second only to the collection of curiosities gathered under the roof of the National Museum in Washington-which includes, one might almost say, everything from the Egyptian Sphinx to a pickled squid, or from the photograph of Dr. Mary Walker to the wreck of Noah's ark (and that is likely to be discovered any day and purchased by our Gov ernment)-second only to this wonderful collection are the numerous paintings, statues, and other works of alleged art owned by the Government, and displayed in various places in the Capital. Congress appropriates every year a certain fixed sum for the purchase of works of art. This is in the nature of a notice to eedy artists to bring in all the truck they cannot dispose of elsewhere, and offer it at exorbitant figures to the Government. With the exception of one or two pictures in the Capitol, there is probably not a single ainting owned by the Government which any person with only a moderate claim to taste and discretion would care to hang in his house. Lobbying through an appropriation for the purchase of a picture is an art elf; it requires patience but is certain to lead to a successful result, if the artist will only put a high enough figure on his work. Nothing impresses the average Congressman so much with the merits of a work of art as the price which the artist sees place upon it; anything less than \$5,000 is not con-

idered worthy the attention of Congress. The vicissitudes which a work of art has to undergo before it passes into the final possession of the Govornment are well illustrated by the history of the Bartholdi fountain, which now adorns the Botanical Gardens at the foot of Capitol Hill. The fountain was exhibited at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. The attenton of the Senate Com mittee on Public Buildings and Grounds was directedby some one to the desire expressed by M. Bartholdi to dispose of the fountain before he returned to Europe. In an evil hour the committee agreed to report an amendment to the Sundry Civil Appropriation providing for the purchase of the fountain. The dismssion occurred at a late hour of the night. fountain was referred to in the most complimentary terms by members of the committee. Some Senators however, were not quite so favorably impressed with it : Indeed, a Southwestern Senator, since prominent as defendent in the cause celebre, remarked, sotto voice That the blessed thing was made of terra-cotta." The emark was not made so low as to be unheard and created some commotion, which was only allayed by the assurances of a quondam Territorial Governor, dele gate and commissioner to Philadelphia, and afterward an Assistant Secretary, and later commissioner to a foreign exhibition, "The the blessed thing" was made of the finest quality of French bronze. Upon this astrance, the amendment passed the Senate and went into conference.

I will not dwell upon the dangers which the appro priation for this fountain ran afterward in the House. It is reported that Mr. Holman, the distinguished objector" from Indiana, only voted for the amend ment because he labored under the impression that it was some "picture" the Government had ordered and must pay for Suffice it to say that the bill became Subsequently, however, the officials of the Treasury Department devoted their powerful minds to an interpretation of the act, and in the seclusion of their closet these "brooding Buddhas," as Mayor Hewitt might have called them, discovered that by the strict construction of the words of the appropriation the Government could pay for the fountain delivered Washington, but not for the taking it down, transportation from Philadelphia, and its erection in the Capital. Further investigation by the Treasury offi-cials satisfied them, however, that the two last named tems of expense could probably be met by the Government under the appropriation, but they decided that Bartholdi must delives it on the cars in Philadelphia and nay the expense incident to putting it there. This was estimated at 898 17. hose foud of that class of literature that the Governmen is always very particular about odd cents in he estimates for appropriations. On being informed of this decision of the Department, Bartholdi wrote a letter, more eloqent in the force of its rhetoric than plous in its religious sentiments. It had the effect, however, of stimulating further research on the part of the Buddhas of the Treasury, and after cogitating for six weeks, and constructing the troublesome clause n the appropriation bill, anew, they discovered that the Government might pay the estimated \$98 17 also

The fountain finally arrived in Washington. The question where to put it led to an animated discussion and several places were suggested, among them the lawn in front of the White House. The Commissioner of Public Buildings and Grounds would have nothing to do with a selection of the site. The matter had to be decided, nevertheless, in some way or other, and that soon, because the charges for storage were increasing with every day of delay. At last two Seneri- ators of the Public Buildings and Grounds Committee b-b-be a live j-j-jackass.' took a carriage, and after driving about the city all day, examining the fountains at the Arlington, Welck er's, Willard's, Losekam's and Shoomaker's and other prominent dispensaries of "bottled malaria," agreed to place the fountain where it now rests. I do not think a more suitable place could have been found for This, at least, is the opinion of those who do not regard "the blessed thing" as being such a great work

A fate scarcely less satisfactory has been the lot of nearly every other statue, puinting or work of art purchased by the Government. They all seem to e kept moving from one place to another. ferred last Sunday to the different places successively occupied by Greenough's statue of Washington, and of the proposition now pending to remove it from its present position in front of the Capitol to a more pro teeted spot. The bronze statue of Jefferson, which for many years stood in front of the White House, was placed at the suggestion of Senator Sumner in Statuary Hall, which the irreverent sometimes call The Chamber of Horrors," The figure of General Rawlins, which occupied a secluded spot in a little triangle in one of the most obscure portions of the city, has, within a year, been moved to a more central lo cation where it is not seen by anybody, either. The painting of the Electoral Commission, after having een thrust upon Congress for years, pledged and scized for debt, exhibited elsewhere, finally purchased by the Government and stored in a cellar, in order to keep it out of view of indignant and sensitive Dem ocrats, has at last been placed in the Senate wing of the Capitol. The price paid for it was \$7,500, or within 50 per cent of what was originally asked. Even at that figure it is \$7,400 too dear. To make room for it on the wall another picture called "Ploughing in Dakota" had to be removed. The latter picture is now in the Agricultural Department. A painting illustrating a scene in General Greely's expedition to the North has for a couple of years been adorning the walls of the Navy Department. The artist has been in vain trying to sell it to the Government, not be cause he did not ask enough, but probably because he is young yet and does not "know the ropes"; but if to has patience he is certain to succeed sooner or later. A picture illustrating one of the naval fights in the War of 1812, and painted by a Californian, was recently received at the Capitol. No daylight ever penetrates near it, which is a great advantage to the cture. The statue of Lincoln in front of the Court House, standing on a pillar like Simon Stylites of old, ought certainly to be removed in the interest of good taste; and so ought the Army and Navy Monument at the head of Pennsylvania-ave. The proper place for its weeping women is a graveyard, not a public thoroughfare.

I am indebted to Senator Manderson, of Nebrasga, chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, for showing me what "great oaks from little acorns grow"; also what a treacherous thing is memory, and how some approved system of mnemonies of which many are now in vogue—may, by assiduous application to its rules, assist and stimulate a treacherous memory, even after a lapse of more than a quarter of a century, into stalwart and even portentous possibili-ties. The petition for the relief—the solatium being. of course, in the shape of dollars and cents-of D. D. Dana, formerly First Lieutenant of Company E. 3d Massachusetts Artillery (heavy), for having materially aided in the capture of the assassins of Lincoin, was reported upon adversely this week from the Military Committee. Now, I had always supposed in a vague manner that John Wilkes Booth was run lown by the detachment of the 16th New-York Volunteer Cavalry under Captain Dougherty, and that in the lurid scene of the flaming Maryland barn he was shot by Sergeant Boston Corbett, as these two officers received awards for their services.

Lieutenant Dana's petition, however, at this late date sets forth no end of "stirring accidents by flood and field": How he found an old man and an old woman who would tell nothing until he yanked the former up by the neck till he was nearly strangled, whereupon he told how two men had stopped at Surratt's house; that one of them was lame, and which way they went, etc., etc. In fact, Dana was the prime mover, the deus ex machina, as it were, of the whole capture. Now, it is a curious fact that the testimony given by this same Lieutenant Dana before the Military Commission, which first met in this city at 10 a. m. of May 9, 1865, for the trial of larly proud of being called the "farmer Governor."

the conspirators, was of a somewhat milder character. Examined for the prosecution, May 20, 1865, he swore

"On Saturday, the day after the assassination of the President, I sent a guard of four men ahead of me to Bryantown, and they arrived about half an hour before me. I arrived there about 1 o'clock. I communicated the intelligence of the assassination, and the name of the assassin, to the citizens; it spread through the village in a quarter of an hour. Some of the citizens asked me if I knew for a certainty it was J. Wilkes Booth, and I told them yes, as near

as a person could know anything." is all. The enthusiastic memory of this gallant officer does not appear to have grown up in a single night like the climbing vegetable in "Jack and the leanstalk," but to have built itself up, somewhat after the manner of the coral insect, by the slow but

Senator Hale, who joined the Democrats in oppos ing the opening of the doors during the discu of the Fisheries Treaty, was being discussed by a group of Republican Senators yesterday. To say that Mr. Hale "caught it" all round would be expressing it very mildly. Finally an ex-Senator, noted for his talents as a story-teller, said:

" Hale ought to be talked to, and pretty sharply, too, by some of you men; talked to, in fact, as that old colored woman talked who caught her young hopeful consorting with white boys. Said sh 'Efrahem, come to your mudder, boy. Whar you

" · Playing wid de white folk's chillum?

" 'Yassum.' " 'You is, eh? See hyar, chile; you broke your old mudder's heart an' brung her gray hairs in sorrow to de grave wid your reckleumness an' carryin' on wid ebil assocyshuns. Habn't I raised you up in de way you should ought to go? Habn't I been kine an' tender wid you, an' treated you like my own chilewhich you is? Habn't I reezened wid you prayed for you? An' isn't I yer natural detector

' garden fo' de law?'
" 'Yassum.' " 'Well, den, do you s'pose I'se gwine to hab your morals ruptured by de white trash? No. sah! You git in de house dis instep, an' if I eber cotch you 'municatin' wid de white trash any mo,' nigga, I'll break your black head wid a brick!'

Great laughter greeted the recital of the story, which illustrates, in a quaint way, some of the phases of the present situation. When it ceased, a Western Senator remarked, soothingly:

"Well. Hale will 'git in the house' presently. doesn't want his 'head broke wid a brick' by his Republican friends up in Maine.

I understand that Senator Zebulon B. Vance, of North Carolina, gives the following account of the proceedings of a self-appointed local-option committee of two of his constituents, who appear to have stumped their particular neighborhood in a somewhat similar manner to that employed by the fiddling Gubernatorial candidates, "Bob" and "Alf," of Tennessee; with the unimportant difference that the weapon in the hands of the Senator's friends was the "horn" and not the

"There were two friends of mine," said Vance, a dry smile upon his lips, "who were well known in the rural neighborhood to which I refer, and whose names were, let us say, Bill Wilson and Jim Smith. These two friends had spent the long hours of an afternoon together in repeating frequently to each what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina'; and, under the influence of either the 'pinetop' or of the aromatic mint, they became somewhat maudlin and hilarious. They had neared Bill's home and were about to separate, but od talking on the corner 'slewing' up against each other and swearing eternal friendship, when a wicked blue-bottle fly, after much loud buzzing and other musical demonstrations in a basso-profundo, settled victously upon the end of Bill's crimson, blos soming and somewhat swollen proboscis. The garrison, by the prompt and vigorous application of a large and liberal hand, had no difficulty in dislodging the enemy from the projecting horn-work; but, unfortunately, he would promptly return to the charge, and settle, with vigorous demonstrations, sometimes upon the glacis, nay even upon the abbatis, which fringed the fosse.

"Finally," pursued the Senator, "Bill waxed exceeding wroth; and, applying his hand vigorously to the menaced horn-work with such force as to threaten its very existence, snorted out in a very biccoughy votce to his 'pard':

"Hic-hic-hic-, J-J-Jim, I'd oughter not th-h-ink et, but, er, I'll be blanked ef that ther f-f-fly d-d-don't take me fur a d-d-dead animal or fur a c-c-common s-s-sewer!

"'Jim' ruminated profoundly, and with an air of six biled fowls of that particular breed which was so dear to the heart of old Minerva, fetched up with a roll against his friend and responded: "W-w-wal, B-b-bill, I kinder think yew b-b-be

scasely 1-1-long enough fur a d-d-decent s-s-sewer, and yew b-b-baint a dead animal nohow; but y-y-yew mout " By this time the balmy summer night was

to quote the tenth satire of Juvenal or some other modern poet-and the moon went down in blood."

The senior Senator from Delaware, Mr. Saulsbury, is a gay bachelor of seventy for whose attentions half the widows in Washington pine. He is very tall and very thin. He is also very charitable. He sent the other day a box of his cast-off clothing to a committee formed for the relief of the sufferers by the Western Yesterday-so at least the story as told by one of his wicked colleagues goes-he received the fol-

lowing communication in his mail: "The committy man giv me, amongst other things wat he called a pare of pants, and 'twould make me pant sum to wear 'em. I found your name and where you live in one of the pockets. My wife laffed so when I showed 'em to her that I tho't she would have a conipshun fit. She wants to know if there lives and breathes a man who has legs no bigger than that. She sed if there was, he orter be taken up for vagrinsy, for having no visible means of support. I couldn't get 'em on my eldest boy, so I used 'em for gun-cases. If you hev another pare to spare, my wife would like get 'em to hang up by the side of the fire-place to keep the tongs in.

For after-dinner speeches Senator Palmer has an admirable voice, but it is not that of a thrush for singing purposes. Those of his close friends who eard some of his vocal efforts say that the produet is not entirely musical. The Senator does hesitate, however, to sing when it is necessary to revive the drooping spirits of a party; and this is what led to a recent performance in which operatic duets were sung by the distinguished soprano Miss Emma

Thursby, and the distinguished Senator Mr. Palmer.

Miss Thursby has been here for some time, and her vocal attainments have made her a favorite in Senatorial circles. Among her admirers is Mrs. Stock-bridge, the wife of the junior Senator from Michigan. The latter's birthday occurred last week, and the event was fittingly celebrated by an excursion down the Potomac on board a canal boat, specially chartered and handsomely decorated for the occasion. Among the guests were Senator Palmer and Miss Thursby, and upon them fell a good share of the entertainment which kept every one jolly. There was a full in the fun, however, when some one invited Miss Thursby to

"But I haven't my notes, and there's no plane and-" "Oh, never mind the notes," interposed the Senator,

"I'll accompany you."

The offer was accepted, and thereupon the Senator launched into Nilsson's favorite encore, "Way down upon the Suwanee River." Miss Thursby was too much overcome to join at once. The Senatorial effort was between a rumble and a buzz, not as loud as an elevated train nor quite as discordant as the file on venerable saw. But Mr. Palmer held the tune till the end of the verse. Then Miss Thursby joined, and her rich soprano floated through the canal boat cabin and out over the water, the astringent notes of the accompaniment only accenting the sweet notes of the singer. With the ice broken, the Senator and Miss Thursby responded to an encore with "Those Golden Slippers am laid away," "Climbing up de Golden Some of the Senator's colleagues now sug

gest that Palmer has the operatic stage before him if

he tires of the Senate.

A friend of mine who has just returned from a trip through Virginia tells me of a grave-stone he saw a Appenattox Court House, which bore the following gory inscription:

ROBERT C. WRIGHT Was Born june 26th 1772 Died july 2d 1815 by the bloodthrusty hand of John Sweeny Sr Who Was

massacre with the Nife then a Londen Gun discharge , ball penetrate the Heart that give the immortal Wound Was that poor man dead or not, when he was

buried?

Governor Luce, of Michigan, can give President Cleveland a few points on getting around to business

He is Master of the state Grange, and his herny hands show that he has followed the plough through many show that he has followed the plough through many a furrow. Like all of as sturdy sort he gets up with the sun. This may account, perhaps, for the fact that some of his soul. fact that some of his early jours in Washington were

unproductive. While the Governor was hes Congressman Tarsney called to see him at his hote, about 9 o'clock ope morning.

"Is Governor Luce about?" he inquired, "Governor Luce! Why the Governor started for the Agricultural Department at 7 o'clock. He has special breakfasts at 5 o'clock, has a two-mile stroll by 6, attends to his correspondence by 7, and then The opy one who sees starts for the departments. him in the morning is the night-patch."

The Governor was hardly able to transact much business in the departments at 7 a. m. Most officeholders think they are doing wonders if they begin as early as 9 a. m. But even at that time it is not always safe to expect to find the head of the department at his post. A little of Governor Luce's habit would completely ecopse the picture usually given of the President at his tesk, in his shirt sleeves, at 8 o'clock in the morning. The President was snoring last week while the Governor was hunting for one of the department heads.

They say-and of course it is libelious-that Major Martin, of Texas, returning home late at night, after having made his celebrated speech on the stopped under an electric lamp-post on F-st. to look at his watch. Somehow or other he managed to button his overcoat around the post and stood there in fear and trepidation under the impression that the electric current had got hold of him and was keeping him fast to the post. He is said to have been released by some friends who happened to pass by.

There are probably over 100 colored pen in Washington who are worth over \$25,000 esch, fifty worth \$10,000 each and nearly 1,000 wto pay taxes on \$5,000. George W. Williams, ex-nember of the Ohio Assembly, and author of a history of the colored race, is said to be worth \$40,000, Fred. Douglass has \$300,000. He now owns a jouse opposite Washing ton, formerly owned by a man who so hated the blacks that he refused to sell anything to one of them. John F. Cooke, utili recently tax collector of the District of Columba, himself pays taxes now on \$250,000. John M. Langston, formerly United States Minister to Hayti, 8 reputed to be worth \$75,000. John Lynch, of Mississippi, who was the temporary chairman of the Chicago Convention in 1884, is very wealthy and owns a fise plantation in Mississippi. Exagressman Smalls, who is now contesting the seat unlawfully occupied by Coionel Elitott, has also accumulated quite a fortune. Dr. Gloster, who died a few years ago, left \$1,000,000; the wealth of his sonwas estimated at \$150,000. John X. Lewis of Boston, makes the clothes of the Beacon Hill dudes and does a yearly business, it is said, of over a million dollars. He was once a slave, and, ragged and barefooted, followed Sherman and his troops in their march to the sea. Cincinnati has a colored furniture dealer whose check is good any day for \$25,000, although thirty years ago he was a Kentucky slave. The late Robert Gordon, of Cincinnati, owned a large number of four-story residences at the time of his death. These and other facts which might be cited tend to disprove generally accepted notion that colored people have no idea of thrift.

Injustice was done ex-Congressman Page, of California, in a paragraph printed in The Tribune last Sunday, which recalled an incident of the XLIVth ongress, Colonel Morrison and Mr. Page being the chief actors.

According to the paragraph Colonel Mor-son forgot himself so far as to pull the Californian's beard. It now appears that the latter at that time did not wear beard, so it could not very well have been pulled by Colonel Morrison; but if the latter should have at tempted it, it is reasonable to suppose that Mr. Page would have resented the insult promptly. The facts seem to be that Colonel Morrison, laboring under great excitement, stepped up in the course of the debate to Mr. Page and laid his hand on Mr. Page's shoulder Colonel Stone, of Missouri, immediately stepped be-tween the two men and nothing further happened. The lie was not passed. The following morning Colonel Morrison was himself again and apologized to Mr. Page.

The whole trouble arose because Colonel Morrison objected to taking up for consideration a bill for the sale of certain timber lands in California, and in his remarks seemed to intimate that there was a job b Mr. Page replied that Colonel Morris probably not the only honest man in Congress.

SINGULAR PLUCK OF A BOSTON GIRL.

From The Philadelphia Times. A Boston girl, retiring at night, found a rat in her A Boston girl, retiring at hight, found a fact in her from. She closed the door and started in wild pursuit of the creature about the room. She was just about to deal it a crushing blow with the French heel of her shoe when the rat took refuge in the spring of her bed, quite out of her reach. "Well," said she, "I guess after his experience he will stay where he has bound he is safe." And then she went ore he has joined he is sale." And then she went quilly to bed and slept all hight and in the ruing she got a terrier at a neighbor's and the ferreted out the rat and killed it. There have a able-bodied masculine persons who have leaped ily out of bed upon hearing what they supposed be a mouse burrowing in the mattress.

A BEER PIPE-LINE.

Cool beer in unlimited quantities in every man's house to be obtained simply by turning a spigot, the same as for water. That is the latest plan to circumvent the License Court. It is certainly true that "necessity is the mother of invention," and the scarcity of saloons after to morrow has set many persons to endgelling their brains for plans to make up for the loss. That of furnishing beer to private houses through pipes running direct from the brewery is the invention of William Hogg, the Hong Kong blue manufacturer of Allegheny City. On Saturiay he submitted the plan to D. Lutz, the brewer, who expressed himself as greatly pleased with it. Mr. Hogg will apply for a patent at once, and if he secures one, will begin preparations for putting the scheme into effect.

The idea is to lay pipes in the streets, the same as other pipes are laid, and these will have house connections, the beer passing through a meter in each house to show the quantity used. The pipes will be of peculiar construction, and three in number, one inside the other. The outer pipe will be of clay. This will surround an inner pipe of iron, which will still have another inside of it. The inner pipe will be two inches in diameter, lined with silver to prevent corrosion. From The Pittsburg Times.

corrosion.

Between this pipe and the other iron pipe will be a space of about two inches all around, to give space to a current of cold air from the ice-making machinery at the brewery, thus keeping the beer cool all the time.

Mr. Hogg calculated that a pressure of 50,000 gallo Mr. Hogg calculated that a pressure of 50,000 gallons in a hogshead or reservoir on the sixth floor of the brewery will be sufficient to force the beer through the pipes and into the houses where the service pipes run. The consumers will pay no license or tax, but it will be necessary for the brewer to affix the internal revenue stamps to the hogshead in the brewery. The pian contemplates sending around persons once a month to examine the meters, see how much beer has been consumed and collect the money for it. About once a month the pipes will be cleaned out thoroughly, in order to keep them in good condition and prevent the beer from spoiling.

WARNING AGAINST HASTY CONCLUSIONS.

From The Deiroit Free Press.

A woman in Lafayette-st. East, rushed out the other day and informed a policeman that she had seen a big dog craw under her barn, and she believed the animal mad. The officer went round by way of the aliey, accompanied by the usual crowd, and after pecking and peering for some time he shot three bullets under the barn to scare the dog out. After the third, shot a movement was heard, and presently the long end of a colored man crawled into view. After backing out and brushing the dirt out of his eyes he asked:

"Was it me you were shooting at?"

"I supposed it was a dog under there," replied the officer.

"Well, sah, doan' you nebber 'spose no mo'! It's dangerous." From The Detroit Free Press.

It's dangerous."

And he showed a bullet hole in his cap and another in his coat as proofs of the accuracy of the officer's aim. He had crawled under after a rabbit which had escaped from a neighbor.

It's all right," he said as the officer apologized, "but doan" you 'spose no mo'! You Jist keep right down to cole facts. Dis 'sposin' around ar what gits pussons into serus fruble."

TO EASE A WRITER'S TIRED EYES.

From The Chicago Times.

A gentleman who has made a study of the eye says, for the benefit of the people who have to earn a livelihood with the pen: "Never write on white paper if you can get yellow paper. A sheet or card of the same shade placed on the wall over the deak will assist in giving the eye rest, and this will facilitate the work." He has made this suggestion to many, and in each case has received the thanks of those who have been benefited by it. It is simple, and doesn't require any philosophy to prove t

HOHENZOLLERNS AT HOME

CALITY EXTRAORDINARY

IMITATING THE GREAT FREDERICK-RAS. FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUTE. Berlin, May 4.

Bellevue Castle, on the outskirts of Berlin, ouce the

residence of the genial Prince Ferdinand, has again be-

come the favorite resort of members of the Royal family. The aged Dowager Empress takes her daily. walks there. In the beautiful park, fronting on a quiet bend in the Spree, a path has been made for her especial use, ornamented at short intervals by heavy railings on which Her Majesty can rest. Though she is really stronger than a few it is a melancholy sight to watch the old lady, who has gone through so many stormy scenes, walking with great effort from goal to goal. There seems little life in the tottering gait, little vitality in the wrinkled, careword face. Yet, I have wondered why no enterprising photographer steals her likeness amid these romantic surroundings, though it would arouse the wrath of the venerable Queen. Her vanity is still boundless, and no man has taken her portrait for over thirty years, a fact which explains the surprise of foreigners who purchase groups of the Imperial family and find the hoary widow looking younger than the present Empress Victoria. She was then in her prime. But near the Dowager Empress, on these afternoon walks, is another picture which is in bright contrast to her and often engages Her Majesty's attention-the frolies of her great-grandchildren. A part of the park has been laid out for their use and here, true to the Hohenzollern blood, they play "soldiers in peace."
The eldest, Prince Frederic William, the ruler of Germany in the days of some future Bismarck, now six years old, is commander-in-chief, and fully impressed with the importance of his position. A few days ago, he asked his mother to have a fort built for his amusement, but was compelled to content himself with a guard house instead. Here he orders one of his brothers to stand watch, salute him as he passes, with the little wooden gun, in regular military fashion, and relieves him after duty, by brother number two, At other times he drills them and, dressed in his miniature uniform, demands unconditional obedience ex the part of the junior princes. It is amusing to see the perfection with which the commands are executed and hear the sonorous soprano of the commander-inchief, the high-sounding language when a stomach is too far forward or a foot out of place at "Right, The youngest boy is just out of the cradle; still he toddles about, in his own peculiar way, and gives promise of a future leader. The father appears among them often, and takes command, degrading the eldest son to the ranks for the time being. But this he accepts with pride, desirous to show his own proficiency. He will be well-drilled at the age of ten when all Royal princes receive the rank of first-lieuenant. Then his command will be genuine.

The little fellows were the joy of their great grand-father, and went almost daily to bid him good morning. Then at his request they all stood up in a row, and heard the question; "But why have you not brought the little brother with you? You have run too fast for him!" "But great grandpa, he cannot walk!" came the answer in chorus. "True, I forgot that.
But you could have waited?" "No, no no!" they protested; "but he will follow us soon." And then recelving some little present, they left the room where the old monarch would never allow them to remain to make his cabinet the theatre of their romps. The Crown Prince is raging war against the dandles

of the Prussian army. He recently gave orders that the English trousers and pointed laced shoes-" English points," as they are called-" which some of the gentlemen wear of late," should be abolished and replaced by the military trousers and Prussian shoes-most unornamental coverings for the feet. The order is not liked, and increases his popularity only among the older officers. He also ordered the bands of the various regiments under his command to practise the historical tunes of which he professes to be a great lover. The modern airs, which had become very popular among the soldiers, are doomed and already the tunes of "Hohenfriedberger," "Torgauer," "Sebastopol," "Radetzky" and "March to Paris " echo again along the streets of Berlin. The small boys do not whistle the accompaniment to these, however, a certain proof that they are not popular. But the Prince is happy, and thinks he is daily increasing his resemblance to Frederick the Great.

The newspapers of the capital which have so often sung the praises of Berlin's honesty and held up every instance which they could find of defalcation in America as proof of the depravity of republics" have had numerous reverses lately, and never more than in the case which reverses lately, and never more than in the case which came up this week. The banker, Julius Rief,, for fifteen years an honored business-man, is accused of thirty-seven cases of fraud, and one hundred and fifty-five cases of embezzlement! He defrayded right and left, and seems to have had no conscience whatever. Between 1832-'86, Rief lost by speculation more than one million marks. His assets amount to 28,000 marks. Rief dealt in lottery tickets as well, and sold many upon the promise "to furnish the fickets later," a promise which was never fulfilled, and the money never returned. One hundred and fifty the money never returned. One hundred and fifty workmen who had intrusted their little earnings to the scoundred stood about the court room, the eyes of many red with tears. The poor fellows will get but a trifle of their deposits. A few days before his arrest he married an innocent woman whose little fortune of \$10,000 was quickly lost, and she is now reduced to want.

Two officers called upon a young man in Frankforton-the-Maine, in order to distrain him. He received
them politely at the door and offered to conduct them
to his "gallery of paintings," as he called it. with the
remark that he possessed nothing else which could be
setized for debt. They found that the gallery consisted
of over fifty dunning letters, twenty summonses to
court, and several hundred unpaid bills, ranging between 10 and 1,000 marks, all of which were care
fully pasted on the wall. The officers bade him a
speedy good morning.

COLLECTOR MAGONE AND HIS" HOBBIES." HIS DISPOSITION TO ATTEND TO OTHER PROPLES

BUSINESS, AND NOT THE GOVERNMENT'S. A small group of importers at lunch at an uptown estaurant yesterday assisted the good digestion of this food by humorously relating some of their experiences with Collector Magone, of whom some spoke of as "a pertinacious contender about small things." They referred to some of his so-called reforms in the conduct of the Custom House business, especially in the matter of liquidations, which they described as his "hobby," and declared that they were not expedited now any more than before he became Collector. Then one of them said:

"Magone's latest hobby is in relation to the giving of permits to take goods from the ship within fortyto the importers of their being sent to the public stores. There were a great many complaints from the mer-chants that unnecessary delays occurred at the Custom House. Then the Cellector established a new feature by which he hoped to find reason to displace some of the Custom House brokers to make room for some of his favorites, and to bring some of the importers' clerks into disfavor. He ordered the Deputy Collector to indorse upon the permit the time of granting it, and for the officer at the pier to note the time of receiving it. I think the first case he took up was a permit granted to a large grocery firm, and in which case it was found that six hours intervened between the time of granting the permit and the time of presenting it at the pier. As the Collector and the firm had had some differences of opinion here was a chance, as the Collector thought, to square accounts. The Collector declared that the delay was the fault of the broker, but was met with proof to the contrary, to the effect that the Custom House system was at fault. He was told to attend to the Government business, and not to that of the firm." of the Custom House brokers to make room for some

RATHER OUT OF HIS LINE.

From The Lewiston Journal.

Mr. Cutting, of Lewiston, remarked to his friend Slyboy, in the Calumet Club, the other night, "What a dull fellow Lankins is!"

Mr. Slyboy.—But he's getting up in the world. Look at him tilted back there with his feet on the table.

"Oh, I didn't refer to his feet. They're bright enough; but the boothlack, unfortunately, can't make the rest of him shine."

SKILFUL FINANCIERING. From The Washington Critic.

At the club:
Charlie—That was a good game of poker we had
last night.
Harry—First-rate. How did you come out?
Charlie-Ten dollars ahead.
Harry—How do you figure it out that way? You
borrowed twenty didn't you to begin on?
Charlie—Yes, but I only lost \$10 of it.

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